

CORVALLIS

MAGAZINE

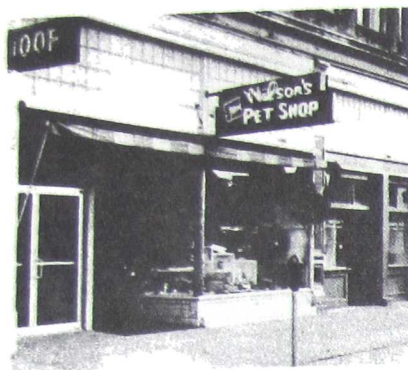
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"Corvallis"

Volume III Summer 1964 Number 3

Corvallis Magazine is published four times a year by Thomas A. Wilson, P.O. Box 122, Corvallis, Oregon.

MEMBER

Benton County Pioneer-Historical Society
Oregon Historical Society

Subscriptions: \$1.50 per year.
Advertising rates on request.

Cover Picture: Ruthyn Turney, violinist. About 1900. He was the editor of the *Gazette*, which was then located on the alley behind Allen's drugstore on Madison Street.

Looking Backward

with TOM WILSON

Corvallis now has over 28,000 population and has nosed out Medford by nine people, for fourth place among Oregon cities. But what the town has gained in a bigshot way does not make up for what it has lost in other ways. There used to be a different spirit here and the place used to be more exciting. A good example of this is the public dances that used to be held all over town.

Mostly we have new people now. I said to an oldtimer awhile ago, "I wonder where they all came from." He replied cynically, "You mean where did they *escape* from." But that was his jealousy coming out, for he is getting old and about three-fourths of our population are under 21.

Including the 10,000 students, more than half of our people are directly connected with the university. This makes for a high level of prosperity, commercial stability, and a certain degree of cosmopolitan atmosphere. And it's a chain-store town now, manager operated, wealthy, with the little enterpriser looking and often feeling like a freak of nature. This is progress, I guess.

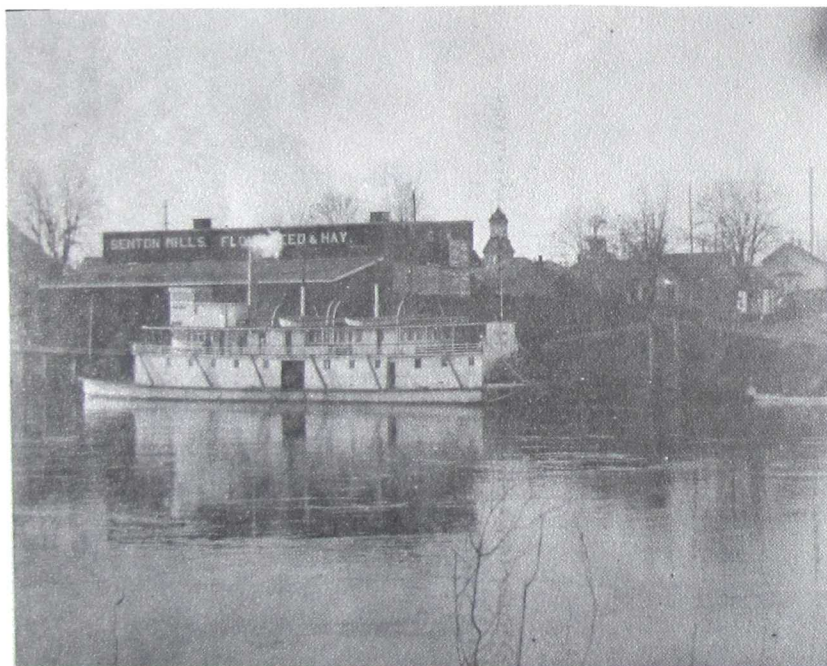
The town dances seem to have disappeared with the repeal of prohibition, and Corvallis is not much different than other towns of this size. We had three or four public dances a week downtown, and they were good ones where people got together and had fun.

There were dances twice a week at Smith Hall on Third Street, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Thursdays at the Moose on Second. Fridays at the Armory, on Third. Other dances were at the Legion, upstairs in the Rennie Building; at the Woman's Club building; at the skating rink on Third; at the City Hall; upstairs above Henderson's; and other places around the town.

All of these dances had live music. I'll just name a few of the musicians who used to play in the orchestras. During the 1920's and early 30's all of these fellows were playing for dances: Darrel Eberts, Art LaVallee, Van McLennon, Charlie Star, Mrs. Mason Smith, Merle Bogart, Harold Swain, Leo Brewer, Tub and Lant Brown, Jim Whippo, Malcolm McDonald, Ted O'Hara, Ted Wilson, Wyn Walker, Jesse Yeates, Dan Felton, John Whittemore, Bill, Clarence, and Hopewell Rands, Jimmy Stritmater, Bee and Jesse Fox, Clarence Bates, Harold Olsen, Monte Montgomery, Stuffy McDaniels, Del Luper, Tommy Stephenson, Spec Thomas, Glen Herigstad, Ed Turner, your Editor, and many others.

Many of the Corvallis musicians were very good. Earl Skipton, for example, became concertmaster of the Portland symphony. A few went away and played in big name bands, such as Wyn Walker, who became an arranger for Wayne King, or Jim Whippo, who went to the Royal Hawaiian hotel. Del Porter, who played in town bands here, was arranger and tenor sax with Spike Jones' band. Spec Thomas was with the Ziegfield Follies. Lauren Luper was the leader of Arthur Prior's military band.

Malcolm McDonald and I went to Portland to hear Paul Whiteman's band, and afterwards Mac got Ross



WILLAMETTE RIVER BOAT AT FISCHER'S WAREHOUSE DOCK. CORVALLIS HAD FOUR BOAT LANDINGS, AND SOMETIMES FOUR OR FIVE BOATS WERE TIED UP HERE AT THE SAME TIME. THE TRIP TO PORTLAND TOOK SEVEN HOURS, BUT THE RETURN TRIP TOOK MUCH LONGER. THE RIVER BOATS STOPPED RUNNING IN 1921. PHOTO COURTESY OF ELDON GRAY.

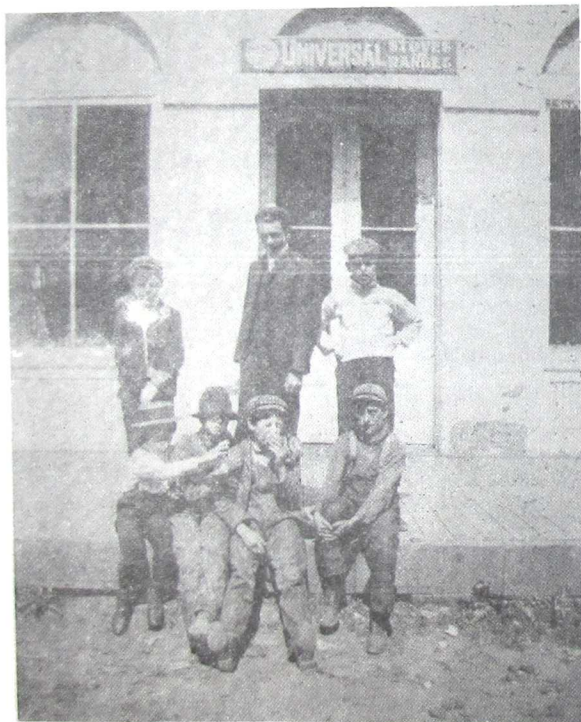
Gorman, who was considered one of the best sax players in the world, to listen to him play his tenor sax. Gorman said this, "You're the first sax player I've heard who can play as well as I can who doesn't try to copy my style." Now that's *egotism!*

One small band that used to play at the Armory (above the now Rogoway and Harms store on Third) was Earl Grey's Bungalow orchestra from Seaside. They were artists, and were among the first to play swing as it should be played. There is no way to compare it with the hooligan kid stuff that passes for music today. When they played a tune, you wanted to dance, jump up and down, or make love. In fact, the Puritancial powers that Be, in Corvallis then as now, closed

down Grey's dances because *the music was too emotional*. Oh well, Earl went to Chicago and became famous--and our town lost a little spark of something or other.

I never saw anything wrong in these town dances. nothing nearly as bad as what is going on every night at the nearby drive-ins, or at some of the country dances around about. We had prohibition, so only the better class people, who didn't go to public dances, could afford to drink.

It was a different world then. And Corvallis was not Oregon's fourth-rate city as it is today, but there was life in the old town and people were individuals instead of *things*. Maybe I'm just getting old!



Group of boys in front of R. M. Wade store (now Robinett's) about 1907. From left, sitting down: Tim Platt, Jim Rowland, Earnie Sheasgreen, Floyd Wheeler, Standing: Kenneth Culbord, C. Emery, Grossia Wolte.

Naming District 37 School

By Minerva Kiger Reynolds

Were the boys of 1880 and 1890 very different from the boys of today? Their environment was definitely different, but they had at least one characteristic in common, and that was a love for adventure, excitement, and dangerous experiences. The boys of today race about in hot-rods. The boys of early days raced with wild horses. It is difficult to say which is more dangerous.

In the eighties horse-racing was a popular pastime. They raced Sunday afternoons and every holiday. The only available places for the races were the county roads, and they were bad.

Four miles south of Corvallis, beginning at what is now the Murphy farm, there were several miles of straight road and it was here that the boys gathered to race their horses. Then dissension broke out among them, some claiming things were not being conducted "on the square". So part of them moved two miles north of town. From Stewart Hill, the present site of the Oregon Breeders Association, there was another stretch of straight road extending north a couple of miles. The boys declared that here everything would be played fair, and that road became known as "Fairplay Lane."

They held both running and harness races, hitching their horses to carts, hacks, wagons, or whatever vehicle was available. This led to stunting, each driver vying to out-dare the others. It was generally considered that the most daring stunt was to lash their horses into a run then to throw out the lines

and "let 'em run". If both boys and horses came out without being killed or severely injured, they were lucky.

Near the end of the century, Reuben Kiger built a big stable and race track one mile south of Corvallis. He raised fine driving horses and had built this in order to have a place to train and exercise them. It was a mile track with covered bleachers and even a judge's stand.

The boys were growing up and not quite so reckless as they had been but since they still held their races, Mr. Kiger offered them the use of the track upon one condition, it was to be straight horse racing and no stunting. They accepted and raced there for years.

In 1912 there were only five houses on the road between the Kiger Farm (or what is now the Reynolds Farm) and Dixon Creek, the north edge of Corvallis. There were also a few houses back some distance from the road. The children in this area attended the Sunnyside School, located on what is now Ninth Street, about half a mile north of the junction of Seavy Road. Because there was no cross-road through at that time, the children rode their horses across pastures or through farms to reach this building.

The community began building up and in 1914 the district was divided and the east side became District 37. They built an attractive little schoolhouse. Across the back was a study room with a long hall in front. On one side was the

boys' coat room and a small closet-like room at the end which was used for a library. On the other side was the girls' cloak room and another small room for lunch pails.

The people of the district organized a little community club which held regular meetings at the schoolhouse. About the first thing to be considered was a name for the new school. It had already been discussed around the neighborhood. The older residents wanted it called "Fairplay".

A meeting was called to select a name. Someone made a motion that it be called "Fairplay", as

the old-timers wished. Another arose and said, "Oh, all the old-timers are dead now. I'm in favor of giving it a modern name."

Up jumped Mrs. R. C. Kiger and Mrs. Henrietta Randall, who had both been born in that area in 1850. "Indeed! We're not all dead!" they exclaimed. "This has always been known as 'Fairplay' and we don't want to see it changed."

That did it. A vote was taken. It was unanimous for "Fairplay".

Thus a school was named. Or had it been named for more than half a century?



The original Hotel Corvallis, at 2nd and Monroe. It is now the New Julian Hotel. Photo courtesy of Kathryn McNeeley.

A would-be soap-box orator who had reached the argumentative stage sat down next to a clergyman on a bus. Wishing to get into an argument, he turned and said, "I'm not going to heaven because there is no heaven." His words, however, got no response.

"I said I'm not going to heaven because there is no heaven," he said again, almost shouting as he came to the end of his sentence.

"Well, then," replied the clergyman calmly, "go to hell, but be quiet about it."



The Greenberry Smith house at 5th and Madison, where the Professional Center is now. This photograph of the Smith and Wilson families was made in the fall of 1895 by Mr. Phillips. Your Editor's grandfather, Bushrod Washington Wilson, stands at the bottom of the stairs. He came here in 1850 and was county clerk for thirty years.

From top of stairs: James O. (Off) Wilson, Dr. Robert J. Wilson, Mabel Thurston, Joe Smith, Mrs. Canon, Cecil Taylor (Cecil Rennie), Mrs. Ned Smith, Grace Wilson with arm around George Walker (son of Belle Wilson), Mrs. B. W. Wilson, Lester Smith, B. W. Wilson, Minnie A. Wilson.

In front of stairs at left: Smith?, Lulu Wilson (sister of Ned Smith), Amelia Wilson (wife of Dr. Wilson), Mrs. John Smith (Joe Smith's mother, holding John Wilson (son of J. O. Wilson)).

Sitting on grass: Cara Wilson, Nonie Smith (Joe Smith's sister).

LETTERS

From Our Readers

Dear Editor Wilson:

Love that magazine!

Robert McLaughlin
Petaluma, California



FORMER CORVALLIS BOY, WILLARD WALTER, (SECOND FROM LEFT) IS VICE-PRESIDENT OF GIBBS SHIPYARDS, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Dear Editor Wilson:

Here are a few pictures out of an album of mine.

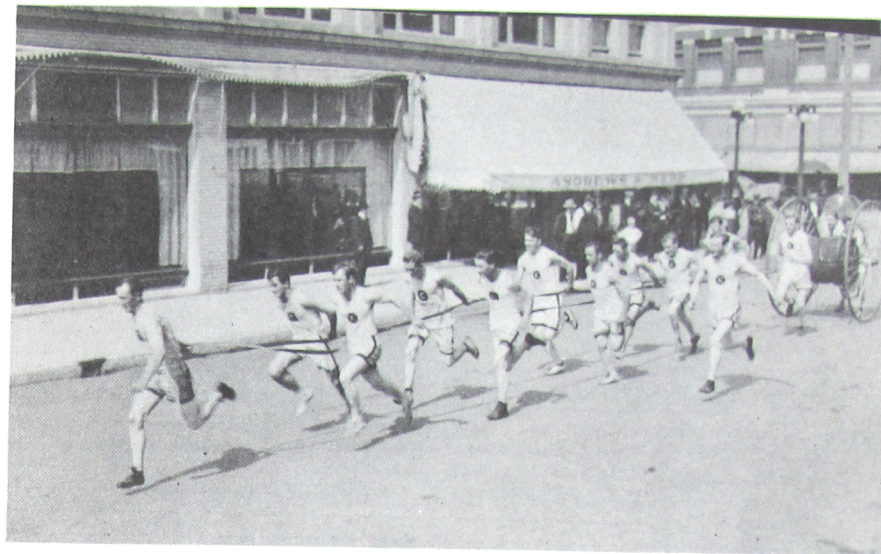
At that time I worked at Kline's, the largest store in town, with 12 women and 10 men employed there, a large grocery business with daily delivery, a men's and women's ready to wear, as well as the regular dry goods and notions department. They also had a dish department and a green stamp redemption center. I was the assistant bookkeeper, under Charlie Porter, who had worked there many years. Lela Wells, now Mrs. Jamieson, worked at the wrapping desk.

My brother, Harry (Red) Walters graduated from O.A.C. in 1914, and partly paid his way through school by working, or rather--sleeping, at the fire hall, and that is how I came by the pictures of the hose cart team. He was a good all-around athlete, held some track records for a time, also played football and baseball, was drum major for the band for three years. Your late brother Joe remembered him very well and talked many times about the days when "Red" was coaching the high school football team. He ended up in the sign business in Green Bay, Wis., after serving in the Air Corps during World War I. He married a Wisconsin girl and lived there continuously until his death of a heart attack a few years ago.

Frances (Walters) Miller
Newport, Oregon



RED WALTERS (LEFT) WORKED FOR RAY BETHERS (RIGHT) IN HIS CORVALLIS SIGN PAINTING SHOP. PHOTO FROM RAY BETHERS.



HOSE CART RACE AT 3RD AND MADISON, ABOUT 1915?. RED WALTERS IN LEAD. CHIEF TOM GRAHAM RUNNING ALONGSIDE. EXCITING CONTESTS WERE HELD BETWEEN FIRE DEPARTMENTS OF THE VARIOUS CITIES. RACING, LADDER CLIMBING, AND WATER FIGHTING BROUGHT OUT GOOD CROWDS OF SPECTATORS. CORVALLIS USUALLY WON.



HOSE CART TEAM. RED WALTERS AT LEFT WHEEL.



SNOW ON 2ND ST., MARCH, 1919. THE GIRLS ARE
LELA WELLS JAMISON, FRANCES WALTERS MILLER,
LULU BLAKELEY. LULU WORKED IN THE
TELEPHONE OFFICE.

Dear Editor Wilson:

I always read your magazine from cover to cover.

While I know none of the folk, their counterparts have crossed my path, which makes it possible to re-live some very pleasant memories.

People are being segregated on the basis of age. The senior citizen cannot understand the youth. The young don't seem to care.

M. N. Draylih
Aurora, Illinois

Dear Editor Wilson:

Read your last issue several times. Enjoyed every word, and your Holy Roller story put me in stitches.

Fred P. H. Clyde
Beaverton, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

On May 16 Rose Wilcox gave an enjoyable party for the five remaining female members of the graduating class of 1903 at Oregon State University. The following members of the class of 1903 were present: Effie Michael Birks, Beulah Hardin Carrothers, Viola Johnson Dickerson, Laura Chipman, and Rose Wilcox. Also attending were Mary Southerland, class of 1904, and Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Dickerson's daughter.

A pleasant time was spent with discussion of old times on the campus and looking over pictures and several copies of "Corvallis" magazine, which were enjoyed very much.

Laura Chipman
Newport, Oregon

Dear Editor Wilson:

I enjoyed your last issue of CORVALLIS very much and in particular the story on the Indian Scout Dr. Rinehart.

Alma McLing
Albany, Oregon



Mrs. Ernest Miller, Ernest Miller, Dr. Helen Miller, Dr. George Miller, Nora Miller Mathews. Photo courtesy of Alice Miller Hathaway.

Dear Editor Wilson:

When I saw your two-page spread of Alsea people with the date of 1913, I remembered that my youngest brother, Allen, was in the Alsea High School about that time. I looked down the list of names, and at number 32 was the Allen Pratt. He stands about the middle of the lower picture, the young man with the cap, between the men and the women. Seeing him there would have been very pleasant except that it brings to mind the tragic ending of a life full of great possibilities. I have a great stack of poems he wrote. Here are two. They were written in those high school days. You will see that they have good qualities, even though they are dated by such words and expressions as "thine" and "did press" instead of the natural "pressed."

THE DREAMERS, by Allen Pratt

While the golden sunset glow

Flooded the earth with splendor fleet,

We used to watch from the window seat,
Brother and I, in the long ago.

And in a voice so clear and low

He read the poets unto me,

And we dreamed ourselves what we cared to be,
By and by, in the long ago.

You will understand how that brings
an ache to my heart, for I was that
brother.

Laurence Pratt
Portland, Oregon

REMEMBRANCE, by Allen Pratt

We trod the path together

In blossom time of May;

Our careless feet did press the sweet

White apple blossoms where they lay

Wind-scattered in the way.

Alone the path I follow

While winter flurries blow;

Kind words of thine no more are mine,

No more I hear the voice I know.

Today's white flowers are flakes of snow.

Early Yaquina Bay

This article was written at Newport in 1884 by a pioneer who signed it "R". Your editor found it among some old papers of Sam Case, founder of Newport.

Yaquina Bay, in the early days of Oregon, was not known to be a coasting port of entry, and an Indian reservation was extended over it.

Its capacity as a harbor was discussed by some citizens, and Captain Dodge, with whom Captain Winant was interested, entered the bay with coasting vessels, and came to terms with the Indian agency for the purpose of oystering on the bay.

Among others, Dr. Kellogg, of Portland, went over and examined the bay and river, with the bar at the entrance, and was satisfied that it was a point of interest. He found in the marine laws of the United States that no bay or navigable river could be included in a reservation as far as it affected navigation. He owned a small steamboat on the Willamette, and he wished to build a new one; but it becoming known, and the general fear of the injury of the new port to Portland, brought a determined opposition to his scheme, and he was so headed off as to be obliged to give up building a new boat, and he prepared to go around with the one he had--the *Pioneer*. He was jealously watched, and the steamboat inspectors wished a new inspection of his boat; but the doctor was fearful they would condemn his boat, in view of his proposed change, and he objected, as he had some time under the old inspection. They claimed the right of inspection in view of his

proposed voyage and he was placed under espionage, but adroitly managed to evade their watchfulness and one night landed at Portland, got his supplies, and steamed down the river to Astoria. There at the Custom House he at once got his clearance and license to run on Yaquina Bay and river, together with a license to fish on Yaquina Bay, Pacific Coast, and and its tributaries. He knew he would be followed and detained or stopped under the inspection laws, so leaving Astoria before four o'clock in the morning, saying he would cross the bar on the early tide, he dropped down behind an island, entirely out of sight, and lay for two days fixing up his boat for the sea voyage. Thus he eluded the government officers who reached Astoria after he left that morning. Although men were sent around to prevent his landing, he was so long behind time that they thought him lost. Dr. Kellogg thus, in 1865, steamed around to Yaquina Bay, and made a successful entrance.

After entering the Bay, the Indian Agent at Siletz, Ben Simpson, sent over, and through Captain Dodge, as deputy, ordered Dr. Kellogg to leave the Yaquina. The doctor replied that he had been out to sea on the *Pioneer*, and did not propose to do so again at present, and if they wished the sea voyage they could try it. He said if they came aboard his boat as gentlemen they should be treated as such, but if they came as pirates they should find pirates' treatment. He had license to run on Yaquina.

Going up 25 miles from the mouth of the Bay, Dr. Kellogg established headquarters at a place called *Pioneer*. Here he built a warehouse, but while absent a posse from the

Indian agency tore down the warehouse, and a Mr. Stewart was placed in charge. But Stewart, in fear of being pitched into the river, vacated just before the doctor's return. The doctor rebuilt his warehouse.

Captain Dodge was at Oysterville, and in connection with Captain Winant, was in the oyster business, and had built a house on tide-land so as to be on public highway instead of being on an Indian reservation. The control of the oyster business at that time was a nice thing. But few knew of the capacities of Yaquina Bay. A schooner had been wrecked in entering the bay, which placed an unfavorable face upon the prospects of the bay as a good place of entrance. There was a nice opening at this date for introducing goods without duty into the Yaquina.

The hostility of the Indian agency to the opening of the bay, and the natural selfishness of individuals who saw personal advantages for themselves, worked against the purposes of Dr. Kellogg.

The doctor made personal appeal to Huntington, Supt. of Indian affairs, at Salem, for his warehouse. Huntington said they had served him right, and if he had been there himself he should have pitched his warehouse into the river. The doctor told him it was well

for him that he was not there, in that case, for he had rights under the marine laws of the United States to put up any buildings on U. S. lands necessary to carry on commercial business.

An appeal was made to Washington. The Indian Agency was found to have been too hasty, and to have gone beyond the bounds of their powers, and had laid themselves liable, but a settlement was effected with the doctor, and he was not molested any further by the agency. The doctor was found to be too long-headed for them, and he was successful in establishing himself against an opposition.

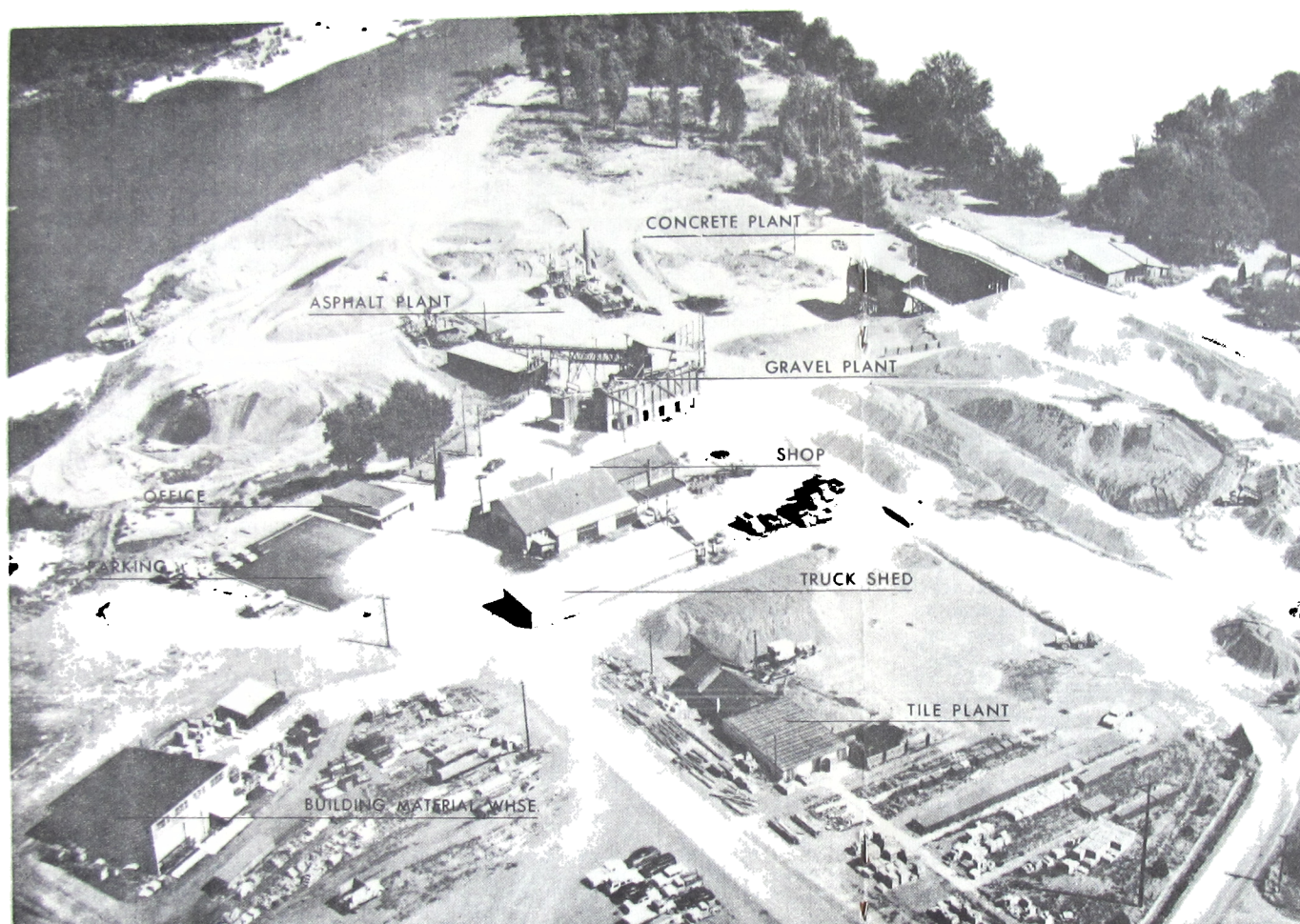
Even in the oyster business the doctor had a strong opposition, but his fishing license made him successful. The fact that vessels entered the bay, and that a steamboat was navigating the bay, gave force to a petition of the citizens of Benton county to remove the Indian reservation from that part of the public domain, and open it to settlement. So on the eighth of February, 1866, Yaquina bay was opened to settlement, and a grand rush was made by many citizens for homes in this new country, and the instrumentality of Dr. Kellogg was very marked and important in effecting this change.



Siletz Indians on beach at Newport, about 1895.

CORVALLIS SAND & GRAVEL PLANT

Gallagher Road, Corvallis, Oregon



Facts —Our company was started in 1911 by Mr. J. H. Gallagher, Sr. who was the founder and president of the company until 1960. This has been the location of our plant since 1922. The number of employees has increased from 5 in 1911 to 70 in 1961 and the yearly sales have varied from \$15,000 in early years to over \$1,000,000 in 1960. The business started with a very small amount of equipment including two horses and a wagon, and now has developed into many items of crushing and screening equipment, many cats and shovels, and over 50 trucks to take care of the business.

"I don't know how it happened," reported the stewardess, "but we seem to have left your wife behind in Chicago."
 "Thank heaven," exclaimed the husband, "I thought I'd gone deaf."

New Radiation Center At OSU to Bring Big Advances in Research

Oregon State University's new million-dollar Radiation Center — first of its kind on a U. S. college campus — started operation last month with a heavy schedule of research and training programs immediately ahead.

The use of radiation and radioisotopes in research and teaching have become a highly important part of the scientific world and the new facilities will permit OSU to play a role in future advances and in the preparation of graduates for careers in this field. President James H. Jensen said.

Dr. C. H. Wang, a chemist who helped start OSU's first project involving the use of radioactive tracers back in 1950, is director of the center.

The building itself cost \$750,000. Equipment and facilities installed amounted to an additional \$300,000.

Equipment includes a \$100,000 training nuclear reactor; a \$65,000 one-mega-volt electronic generator; a \$28,000 Cobalt-60 source; and a \$25,000 x-ray generator. In addition, the Center is equipped with various other radiation detection and monitoring instruments.

The building was carefully planned to assure absolute safety and control of radiation exposure and contamination by radioactivity release in the air, sewage, etc., Dr. Wang emphasized.

The gamma irradiation room, for example, has four-foot walls as shielding. Liquid radioactive waste is released from the building only after careful monitoring by radiation detection devices, Wang added.

With completion of the Center, OSU will begin this fall to train radiological health specialists under a program supported by the Division of Radiological Health of the U. S. Public Health Service.

Read quickly:
 She stood in front of Burgesses' fish sauce shop welcoming him in.

Remembrances

By Victor C. Spencer

I was born in Corvallis on Feb. 6, 1883, in a house owned by Thomas Whitehorn near 4th and Harrison Streets. My parents were Jesse Spencer and Ida L. Spencer (*nee* McLagan) and I had one sister, Hattie M. Spencer, who was 5 years older than I.

In the year 1883 Corvallis had a population of about 1500 people.

It is my wish to give the present citizens of the Willamette Valley an insight into the conditions of that infant city, which now houses more than 28,000, and of its early-day settlers as I learned to know them in my boyhood.

Corvallis held some of the first pioneers who came into the Oregon territory. They had been drawn here by tales of the wonderful valley protected by mountain ranges covered with trees of noble proportion, and with fertile meadows of waist high grass. Game and fish were abundant and most of the Indians were friendly to the white men. Is it any wonder that people came from all parts of the United States?

Most of the settlers were friends of my Dad and Mother, for in those early times we knew all our neighbors quite well. Others I met in Dad's barber shop where men dropped in from all the surrounding country for service and to discuss politics, crops, and every object of general interest in the community.

There will be some people or names that I have forgotten, and to them go my apologies for any loss of memory. My desire is to recall to those now living, the



The five Spencer brothers in 1885. Standing: Jesse and Eli. Sitting: Frank, James, William. Jesse Spencer was Victor C. Spencer's father.

names, places and some of the incidents of these early families, of their children, and the locations of shops and businesses still vivid in my mind after more than 70 years.

Oregon's first provincial Government was established on July 5, 1843, and Territorial Rights on August 4, 1848. On February 14, 1859, Oregon became the 33rd State of the Union. Joseph Lane was the first Governor.

The Oregon Territory very nearly belonged to Great Britain who lay claim to it along with Canada. If it had not been for our hardy pioneers who learned to surmount every danger and difficulty that the Oregon Trail presented, all would have been different.

The turning point came in 1843 when over a thousand homesteaders

trekked into the Willamette Valley. This large migration was entirely due to the efforts of Dr. Marcus Whitman, a truly great American, who personally escorted the large wagon train of 875 people. By 1846 when the boundary dispute with Great Britain was finally settled, there were about 6,000 Americans living here, to 1,000 British fur traders and colonists. The Oregon Trail was the longest of the great overland routes taken by settlers. It stretches more than 2,000 miles from Independence, Missouri. My Grandfather McLagan began his trek clear across the continent in New York! And Great-Grandfather McLagan emigrated to New York from his native Scotland.

Grandfather made this Oregon trip twice and the journey took from 4 to 6 months depending upon the weather, the Indian attacks, the condition of the rivers that had to be forded, and the diseases by which the wagon trains were continually plagued, cholera and scurvy, for water and food were often scarce for long distances.

Benton County was organized December 23, 1847. It consisted of nearly all of what is now Lane county and all of the land south of Polk county down to the California line. Corvallis was named Marysville at that time. The town was laid out by J. C. Avery in 1847-48 and the name remained Marysville until the town was made County Seat of Benton County in 1853. Marysville, California was felt to be close enough to cause some confusion. Mary's Peak remained unchallenged and unchanged, to stand as she does today, guardian over the valley below.

This big mountain has always been close to my heart and it has been beautiful to look upon through every season of the year. I used to envy the William Wyatt family

near Philomath who owned 400 acres across her broad and meadowed top. They used it for summer pasture. In 1926 they set a \$20,000.00 price on the acreage for me. I contacted a couple of good friends and my Uncle Rolla McLagan, but the lack of a good road discouraged him from investing any cash in the deal. Eventually the government stepped in and took the property over for the sum of \$10,500.00.

My first recollections of Corvallis began after we moved from 4th and Harrison to the McLagan home at 3rd and Monroe in 1886. Grandfather McLagan had gone to Portland on his first trip to the Oregon Territory, in 1850-51. Looking the country over he decided to make the move permanent and returned to New York by way of San Francisco as it was quicker and the travel heavier because of the Gold Rush.

It was to be 1854 before William McLagan, and his wife Sabra, completed their hazardous trip over the Oregon Trail and settled in Independence, Oregon, where my mother was born. It was in 1858 that the family moved to Corvallis and my grandfather built the above-mentioned home.

He bought property at 3rd and Monroe streets consisting of 3 lots and erected his home. It was a large house and is still in good condition for he was an excellent carpenter and did most of the work himself, selecting only the best materials that were available. As proof of his fine workmanship, when the house was sold about 1910, it was cut in half, moved to 2856 Van Buren, the halves rejoined, and the property converted into an sorority house.

Grandfather planted many fruit trees on his 3 lots. There were a couple of cherries, 6 pear trees, 3 apple trees, 2 of plums and a big

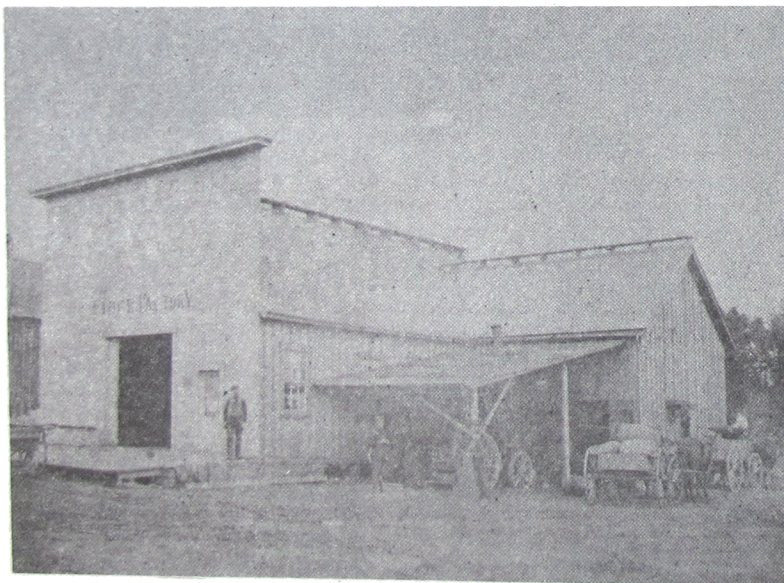
Concord grapevine which eventually spread into two of the apple trees from the 6- by 12-foot grape arbor. This made for a perfect place to play in later years, for I was only 3 or 4 years old when we moved here.

Across from here southwest was Mrs. Mason's Millinery store and on the northwest side was the home of Mrs. Carter while the third corner held a law office. Next to Mrs. Mason was S. L. Henderson then Mrs. McNulty and on the corner lived James Taylor. The Taylors had 2 children, Cecil and Byron. Across from them was the J. R. Smith Hardware Store. Across the alley on 2nd and Monroe was the brick Fisher building in which Allen & Woodward had a drugstore and where I made myself obnoxious by going in once a day, or oftener to get a free advertisement. This was a sheet of paper on which, when a spot was burned, slowly spelled out the words "Beecham's Pills!"

Are there any of you left who remember?

I often wonder what became of the fine, deep well that Grandfather McLagan had dug on this property, there was also a large barn and he had surrounded it all with a good sturdy fence which worked just as well to keep me safely in the yard as it did to keep out any wandering animals.

Next to the A. & W. Drugstore was J. M. Nolan's Shoe Store. J. M. had married Anna Thompson. Pete Callahan worked in the shoe store at this time. In the same block was Small's Grocery & Delicatessen, also a restaurant and Thomas Whitehorn's Saloon. Across the street was a livery stable, Gun Hodes' and Pearce's Store, dealing in general merchandise. The livery stable was operated by James and George Eglin, as I recall, and there was a small picture studio beside Gun Hodes.



Cider factory at south end of 2nd Street, 1900. Photo courtesy of Victor Spencer.

North of our house was the Vincent House, a few small stores, the Chinese Laundry and a church. On the east side of the street was the New York Store, and from them came the first pennies used in Corvallis. The Occidental Hotel was on the S. E. corner opposite Job's Bank across the street on the southwest corner. In this block was A. Hodes's Grocery, Pete Zierhoff's Confectionery, Tom Graham's Drugstore, which later became Graham & Wells and Robert Huston's Hardware. Beyond the Occidental Hotel was R. L. Taylor's Barber Shop, the S. L. Kline Department Store, the General Postoffice, Jesse Spencer's Barber Shop, the D. C. Rose Cigar Store and the Hemphill Hotel.

A rooming house, a small library and a feed store were all the businesses north of the New York Store. Later on, Julian ("Fudge") McFaden built a hotel on the corner and the old "Horse-car" track turned here and went out Monroe to 9th, then past the Evangelical Church where it turned left at the Hadley place and continued on into Job's addition.

At the end of the business district on the north end of town was a large livery barn on the northwest corner and in later years Marshall Miller took it over. Miller owned a lot of property around town and as I recall the city eventually passed some sort of legislation to keep him from blocking the city streets with his houses. He moved them from one location to another about as often as he could jack them up! Job's Bank later became the First National.

The Dixon family in North Corvallis and J. C. Avery family in South Corvallis were the first families to build permanent homes here. I knew one or two of the Dixons well, but was better acquainted with Napoleon, George,

and Punderson Avery, sons of J. C.

Before entering the barbering business, Father used to drive the stage from here to Albany. Needless to say, this was long before he got married, in fact, I believe that it was in the mid 1870's. As the first attempt to make any sort of a road into the valley was not made until the year 1853, you can well imagine some of the trials and tribulations encountered. Just outside of town where the first dip in the road is still noticeable today, was Stewart's Slough. This was nearly always filled with varying amounts of mud and water, depending entirely upon what "unusual" weather the valley was having at the time. During heavy floods or rainstorms, Father would have to swim the horses. Another troublesome spot lay between present day Seavy Road and the hill where the Fairplay School is located.

John Pike had built the first bridge across Mary's River on the south side of town. It was a toll bridge, which brought the settlers up in arms immediately. Eventually, the county bought the bridge from Pike and later on when the bridge began to show wear and tear, Benton County hired my Grandfather McLagan in 1867, to build a new one.

For years, J. C. Avery kept a



Second and Jefferson Streets, looking north, about 1900. Photograph courtesy of Victor Spencer.

canoe near where the west approach of the Van Buren Street is, to ferry people across the Willamette River. I've been told the Dixon family performed the same service on the other end of town. In 1850 regular ferry boats were built and run by Wayman St. Clair and Isaac Moore, but it was to be many years before the wide Willamette was spanned by a bridge. Each spring she went out of her banks and over the surrounding countryside, isolating farms, drowning livestock and occasionally some of the population.

In the year 1861 there was a flood of such proportion that this

small settlement was nearly washed off the map. Again in January of 1862 the Willamette rose to within 6 feet of that former disaster and stood 6 inches deep in the ferry house on this side of the river while stretching floodwaters spread nearly 4 miles over the bottomlands on the east side of the river. As a boy, I remember the old settlers telling of gazing across the river for days and seeing nothing but water in every direction, and I have seen it nearly that bad when a young man.

(To be continued in next issue)

FROM THE EDITOR'S ALBUM



T. E. (Ed) Wilson, B. W. (Bush) Wilson, and Tom Wilson, at Cliff House, San Francisco, 1921.

After having been a photographer for many years, old friends sometimes ask me why I quit that business and how come I got started as a photographer in the first place. This is a Corvallis story, so maybe you'd like to hear more about it.

It started about 1916 when I was thirteen. My uncle Bush, who was a local lawyer, lived at our house then and he had a box Brownie camera. He had an inquisitive type of mind and began trying to develop and print his own films. He didn't have much success in this, so he chucked the whole works and gave the camera to me. I used to take the films into Graham and Wells drugstore for developing and printing. This is now the Williams drugstore, and a Mr. Phillips did the Kodak work upstairs in the back end of the store. (Incidentally, this part of the building was formerly the Wells Fargo Express office, and was the second brick building erected here).

Sam Hartsock and Tommy Jones ran the drugstore, although M. S. Woodcock owned it and its name didn't mean a thing. But Sam and

Tommy were photo fans and they had the largest stock of Kodak equipment and supplies in town. Because I couldn't afford to have my work done for me, I haunted that store and pestered Sam and Tommy and Mr. Phillips in trying to learn how to do my own developing and printing. At this time, Ralph Chapman and I were boyhood chums and he was already doing his own developing and printing. Of course, he taught me what he knew about it, and before long I was considering myself an expert Kodak finisher.

Some of my snapshots actually were worth finishing, too. I'll tell you about my first paid photo work. My father was the lawyer for S. L. Shedd, an oldtime school teacher here. When he died, I took some snapshots of his grave. His brother John G. Shedd, was president of Marshall Field & Company, of Chicago, to whom I mailed one of my prints. Mr. Shedd wanted me to make him some more and sent me



Officers of the Corvallis Fire Department, July 1871. Top row: Mr. Barker, Ike Harris, Frank Bumbarger, Tom Whitehorn. Bottom row: Billie Holgate, Olney Mclagen, Henry Whitham. Photo from Mrs. Don Kuhl

some money to pay for them. Not only that but, also being a friend of my father's, he wrote me a long letter offering me a job in his store, the world's largest, and said I could come and live at his home. For some crazy reason I turned his offer down and stayed in Corvallis.

Now I was a professional photographer, I thought, and began reading and studying that subject. At this time, Mr. Gardner was the school photographer and I used to hang around his studio sometimes. He liked me and encouraged me to learn more about it, teaching me a few things about his own picture taking and about retouching portrait negatives.

My father died in 1919 and because we needed more money to live on, I dropped out of high school at the end of my junior year and went to work at various jobs. Then Mr. Phillips took a better job elsewhere and Mr. Hartsock offered me the photofinishing work at the drugstore on a commission basis. I did this for about a year, but it didn't pay enough, so we turned it over to Dick Ball, and I took a better paying job as an auditor's helper.

They say once you get hypo in in your blood, you'll always return to photo work. That's about right, and I went to work for Bob Lynn in his camera shop on upper Monroe Street in 1928. I had been going to college off and on and part time but it felt like old times to get back into darkroom work.

The depression came and Bob Lynn closed his camera shop. I bought his equipment and moved it to my home and was then in the wholesale photofinishing business again. The business grew, so I rented the old Wells Fargo place behind the drugstore again and moved downtown. I ran the business nights and went to college days.

Then I sold out to Seth Woods, who was the darkroom man for Wm. Ball. I remember I helped Seth at the work all night after my graduation day. (I had made up my senior year of high school during my junior year in college.)

I didn't get a teaching job, so I returned to O. S. C. and U of O to get a Master's degree. In the meantime, however, I became interested in photoengraving and wrote a book on collotype printing (a lithographic process) which was published in London and Boston. So--now--I was a lithographer! I began making lithographic negatives for the Co-op book store and some printers at Eugene. I made a photoengraving camera out of an old camera of Mr. Gardner's. After 30 years, I'm still using it constantly. Again the work grew too much for a home enterprise, and I rented a store at 135 South 2nd and started a portrait studio, camera shop, and litho negative plant. I ran this for ten years, then sold out to my brother Ted.

I entered the nursery business--but--here's that old hypo again--I soon bought a lithographic printing press and began publishing *The Oregon Florist and Nursery Magazine*. This went over pretty good, but not good enough. After four years of it I returned to the university to work for a doctor's degree in psychology. This didn't go good either.

Now, Seth Woods had moved his photo business into the building where my pet shop is now located. After Seth died, his son Harold moved their business over to Albany, where transportation facilities were better. (He increased this business to the extent that he sold out to Perfect Photo a few years ago for more than half-a-million dollars.)

I almost had a job teaching

journalism and sociology at Lebanon high school, but the delay was too long, and I had gotten a whiff of the hypo in Woods' old location. I moved in and started another studio, camera shop, and litho plant. I ran this shop for about six years, but times had changed. You see, I could go to the big cut rate drugstore and buy my kodaks cheaper retail than the Kodak company would sell them

to me wholesale! That ripped it.

About seven years ago I began getting out of cameras and into the pet shop business. But I stayed in the lithographic printing and publishing business, and started another magazine in 1957. I do some kinds of photo work all the time, and just last night I mixed up a fresh batch of hypo--it's in my blood, you know!

PEDAL PUSHERS

By Laurence Pratt

Carl says

that yes he knows

dames wore no clothes

for the first five hundred thousand years----
the dears.

Each woman walked on two distinct and separate legs
or pegs.

Cecil says

he knows it too.

But because he grew

in an era of civilization

when skirts hid women's bifurcation,

dames today attired in pants

seem to him not worth the glance

he once bestowed on lovely frails.

They seem just weirdly shapen

imitation

males.

EXCERPTS FROM ACTUAL LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE DEPT. OF
WELFARE IN PHOENIX, REGARDING WELFARE AND ALLOTMENTS.

Contributed by Bjorn Venaas

1. Please send me my elopement as I have four months old baby and is my only support and I need all I can get everyday to by food and keep him close.
2. Both sides of my parents is poor and I can't expect nothing from them as my mother has been in bed for a year with the same doctor and won't change.
3. Please send my wife's form to fill out.
4. I have already wrote to the President and I don't hear from you. I will write to Uncle Sam, and tell him about you both.
5. Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and baby.
6. I can't get my pay. I got sex children. Can you tell me why this is?
7. Sir, I am forwarding my marriage certificate and my children, one is a mistake as you can see.
8. Please find out for certain if my husband is dead, as the man I am living with won't eat or anything until he knows for sure.
9. I am annoyed to find out that you branded my children as illiterate. Oh! the shame of it as I married their father a week before they were born.

10. I am writing to tell you that my baby was born two years ago, and his age is two. When do I get relief?

11. In answer to your letter, I gave birth to a boy weighing ten pounds. I hope this is satisfactory.

12. I have no children as my husband was a truck driver, and worked all day and night when he wasn't sleeping.

13. You have changed my little boy to a girl. Does this matter?

14. In accordance with your instructions, I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope.

15. Unless I get my husband's money soon, I will be forced to lead an immortal life.

16. I am glad to say my husband who was reported missing, is now dead.

17. My husband had his project cut off two weeks ago and I haven't had any relief since.

18. I am a poor widow and all I have is in front.

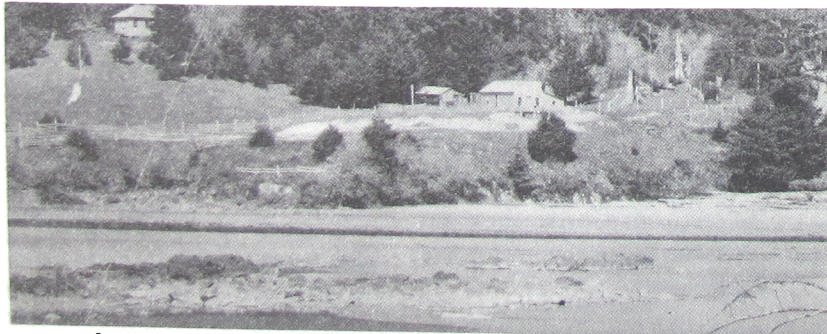
19. I want my money as quickly as I can get it. I've been in bed with my doctor for two weeks, and he doesn't do much good, if things don't improve I'll be forced to send for another doctor.



FIFTH STREET LOOKING NORTH FROM ADAMS, ABOUT 1907.



O.A.C. BASKETBALL TEAM. PACIFIC COAST CHAMPIONS. 1906-07



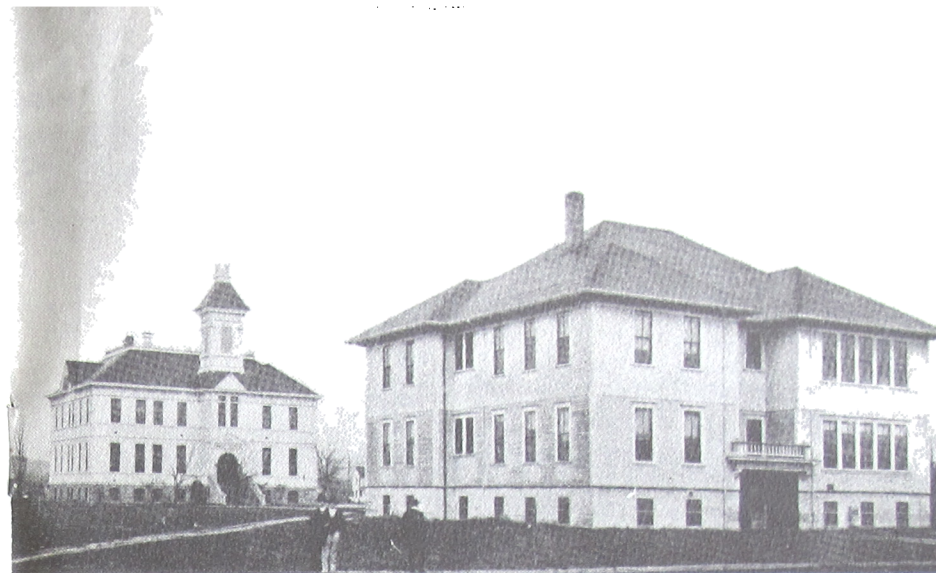
OCEAN VIEW OF POSTOFFICE AT YACHATS, OREGON, IN EARLY DAYS.
PHOTO COURTESY OF MRS. A. K. BERMAN.



FIRE DESTROYED THE ABBEY HOTEL AND OTHER BUILDINGS AT NEWPORT, JANUARY 1, 1908. THE HOTEL WAS AGAIN DESTROYED A FEW MONTHS AGO.



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